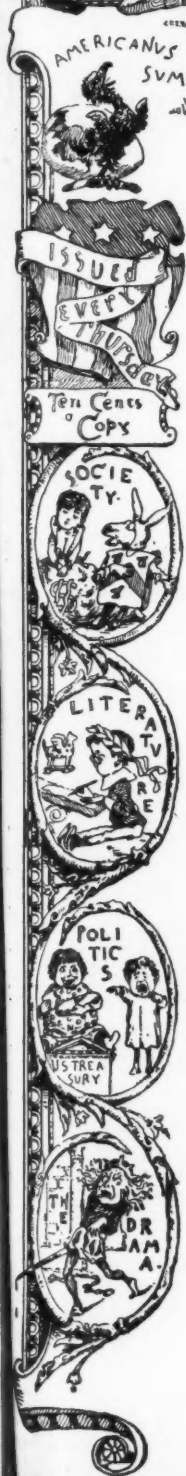


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"BY THE WAY, BILLY, WHEN DOES EASTER COME THIS YEAR?"  
"HOW SHOULD I KNOW? I'M NOT IN SOCIETY."

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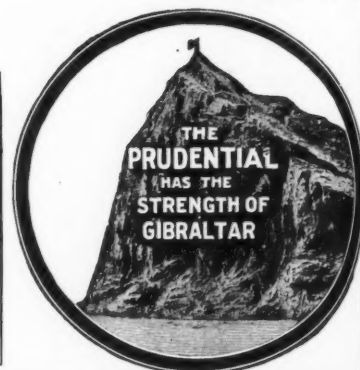
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## The Pines of Lory

*A New Story by J. A. Mitchell.*

"All who have not read the story have a treat in store."—*Chicago News*.

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"The delightful humor of the unconventional adventures of a most conventional young woman."—*The Argonaut*.

# LIFE

## Divine Afflatus.

REGARDING the young authoress narrowly, and from several directions, for three-quarters of an hour, we found our curiosity still quite unsatisfied.

So we asked, bluntly:

"Why do you write novels? In particular, is it because of an imperious, irresistible inspiration?"

"Well, there's that," answered the girl, after a moment's thought, "and then there's the occasional rainy day. It is so dull! After one has cried as long as one possibly can, and nobody calls, it is such a relief to write a novel or two! I'm not intellectual enough to read, and not strong enough physically to while away much time eating. So what am I to do?"

There were tears in her eyes now. Dear heart! She thought we were blaming her.



"WHEN WILL MRS. HIGHBLOWER BE IN?"

*The New Maid:* AS SOON AS YOU'VE GONE, MA'AM.



"HI! HERE COMES AN AUTOMOBILE!"





"While there is Life there's Hope."  
VOL. XXXIX. MARCH 20, 1902. No. 1012.  
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST ST., NEW YORK.

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OXFORD protests against the shooting of Boer generals after trial by court martial. A strong protest, signed by the Master

of Balliol and a long list of university magnates and professors, has been sent in to the British Government, declaring that such trials and executions are highly inexpedient, will not serve to scare the Cape Colonists out of rebellion, and will cause the British to be hated in South Africa for generations to come. To the same purpose is a letter lately published in the London *Daily Mail* from George Meredith, who says the Boer civilization is inferior, and that allowances ought to be made for it, and that shooting officers in cold blood is a great mistake. It seems very hard for our British brethren to manage their war to the satisfaction of spectators. On this difficulty Mr. Julian Ralph comments in an article in *McClure's Magazine*, in which he admits that war is a bad business anyway, and declares that nowadays the increased efficiency of telegraph, mail-service and press bring out all the scandal of it so copiously and in such detail that it is no longer possible to carry it on with any comfort. "Idle, sentimental and mischievous tongues," Mr. Ralph thinks, bid fair to spoil the

whole business of warfare, and he doubts if our Civil War could have been fought out under such discouraging conditions as obtain to-day. He does not greatly lament that warfare in general is being shown up, but he thinks it hard on the British to be exposed to such a fire of criticism from all over the world, and to have to fight Boers besides. No doubt it is hard, but we must comfort ourselves with the belief that England's experience in the Transvaal is doing very much to make war detested.



ALMOST any kind of Philippine news that anybody wants is now readily obtainable from the most reliable sources, but the consensus of testimony bears out the belief that all the Filipinos hate us all the time, but that some are more careful and more successful than others in disguising their feelings. This prevalent sentiment is naturally but gradually provoking the counter sentiment that the only truly good Filipino, from the American point of view, is a dead Filipino. As yet this opinion prevails almost exclusively among the Americans who have been employed in fighting Filipinos. They may be warranted in holding it, for the Filipinos have been, and continue to be, very troublesome to them, but at best it is a discouraging opinion.



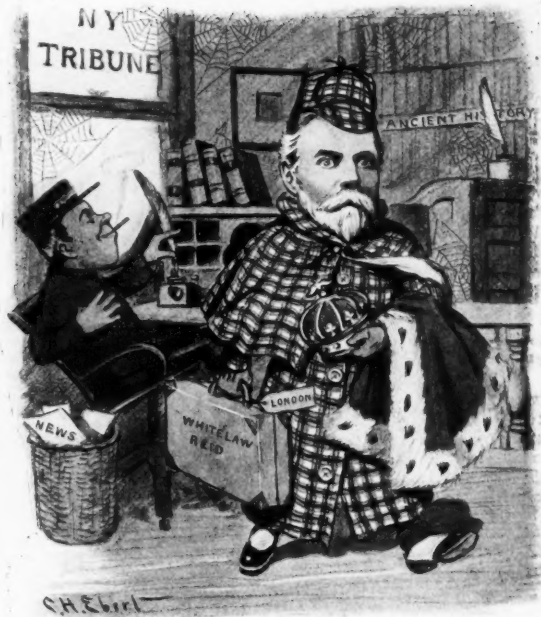
PRINCE HENRY has seen a lot of us, and it looks at this writing as though he would get away from our embraces unmangled and in good health and spirits. Nobody ever had a more triumphal progress through the country, and no visitor ever made a better impression. Chicago lacked the courage of its convictions and didn't show him the stockyards, but he saw the breweries in Milwaukee. Rochester seems to have concentrated more enthusiasm on him in twenty minutes than any town produced in the same space of time. He had a great visit in Boston and Cambridge, and Harvard

gave him an honorary degree. We had the streets snowed full again to meet him when he came back here. He will be telling the Kaiser that the greatest industry of New York is shovelling snow. Ah, well; he is a pleasant gentleman, and has been a most agreeable visitor. It is almost worth while to be a world-power and have royalties star the country, and fill the streets with spectacles and the newspapers with pleasant stories. Good-by, Prince Charming, and good luck to you! Come back some time in plain clothes, when you can go about without any troopers or any brass bands, and when the weather is more genial. You may have a better time in that way, though really you seem to have had a good time as it is, in spite of fatigue, overfeeding, a vast surplus of oratory, snap-shot impertinences, and that preposterous succession of bands that played *Die Wacht am Rhein*.



SUNDRY dames of the Women's Christian Temperance Union in Paterson, N. J., have been making a special point of sending their supplications Heavenward in behalf of Bishop Potter. They believe that the Bishop's views about the use and sale of intoxicants in New York are violently at variance with the desires and purposes of the Almighty, and they are praying that the Almighty may take note of the Bishop's errors, and fetch him around to a better state of mind. It may do the temperance dames good to pray for the Bishop. Certainly it won't do the Bishop any harm. But their prayers will hardly be effective unless it happens that their views about the use and sale of intoxicants on Sundays and other days coincide pretty accurately with those of Almighty Wisdom. None of us doubts that the Almighty approves temperance. Many of us doubt whether He greatly favors abstinence. His ways are mysterious; His preferences not always clear, but when it comes to getting on His side of the drink question, most of us would as soon trust Bishop Potter as the W. C. T. U. ladies of Paterson.





PERSONAL NOTES.

UNCLE RUSSELL SAGE WAS BITTERLY DISAPPOINTED RECENTLY BY THE MAN WHO REPAIRS HIS TROUSERS.

WHITELAW REID WILL LEAVE "THE TRIBUNE" EDITORIAL PAGE IN CHARGE OF THE OFFICE BOY WHILE HE IS AWAY AT THE CORONATION. HE EXPECTS THAT THE INCREASE IN CIRCULATION WILL PAY HIS EXPENSES.



Gluttony.



Quick Temper.



Sly.



Indolence.



DEVILS.

Gossip.



Hypocrisy.



Conceit.



Stubborn.

"Our Bob."

WHO stood beside him when he came,  
The first to call the Prince's name,  
And trumpet his Germanic fame?  
Bob Evans!

Who guided him through thick and thin,  
Through Yankee and Teutonic grin,  
And gave him pointers 'mid the din?  
Bob Evans!

Who sat beside him when he fed,  
And through the courses nobly led,

And got him safely off to bed?  
Bob Evans!

Who journeyed by his side in style,  
And coached him when to bow and smile,  
Each Town Committee to beguile?  
Bob Evans!

Whose wisdom steered his course through all,  
Each Public Function, Feast or Ball?  
Who always stood within his call?  
Bob Evans!

Who raised his hand and made his bow,  
As home the vessel turned her prow,  
And where's your occupation now —  
Bob Evans?

AFTERMATH.

Who is this creeping back at last —  
A shattered wreck, when all is past —  
Is *this* our hero of the mast —  
Bob Evans? Belle Moses.

Made a Difference.

SHE: I can't possibly get my gown for less than one hundred and seventy-five dollars, dear.

HE: But there's Mrs. Rounder. I'll bet she doesn't pay any such price.

"But her social position is so much more secure than ours."



**H. G. WELLS** has undertaken, in *Anticipations of the Reaction of Mechanical and Scientific Progress Upon Human Life and Thought*, to make a serious prognosis of the developments of the twentieth century. The value of the book lies rather in the clear-headed and logical analysis of present conditions and their causes than in the more or less fruitless speculations as to their ultimate results. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.80.)

*Lachmi Bai*, by Michael White, is an idealized account of the part played in the great Indian Mutiny by the widow of the last Rajah of Jhansi. Although fairly accurate historically, the story would be more convincing were the characters not all Oriental. In fiction, no less than in a picture, the mind needs the criterion of a familiar type in juxtaposition with the unfamiliar as a basis of judgment. (J. F. Taylor and Company. \$1.50.)

Frank R. Stockton's *Kate Bonnet*, the story of the daughter of an amateur pirate, is a characteristic blending of interesting realism and humorous absurdity. Mr. Stockton has, at various times, mixed these two ingredients in varying proportions, and *Kate Bonnet* is one of his more successful results. (D. Appleton and Company. \$1.50.)

*Israel Putnam*, by William Farrand Livingston, is an addition to the long list of carefully compiled biographies, which make good books of reference for the historical student, but which appeal but slightly to the casual reader of



IF THIS?



WHY NOT THIS?

these busy days. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.35.)

S. R. Crockett has forsaken the land of the heather and the lingo of the Hoot-mon. *The Firebrand* is a story of adventure among the Carlist guerrillas of Spain, and the hero is a Scotchman who speaks English. The book is amusing and entertaining. (McClure, Phillips and Company. \$1.50.)

*Stories of the Colleges* contains nine short stories

Uncle Sam  
Buyer  
of small Islands



THE LATEST ACCESSIONS TO THE  
HOLY AMERICAN EMPIRE.

return to the composition of two-steps. (The Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.)

J. B. Kerfoot.

#### OTHER BOOKS RECEIVED.

*Josh Billings' Old Farmers' Almanac*. A re-issue in one volume of the original ten numbers. (G. W. Dillingham Company.)

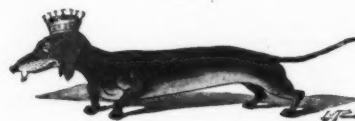
*Naked Truths and Veiled Allusions*. A collection of very self-conscious epigrams by Minna Thomas Antrim. (Henry Altamus Company, Philadelphia.)

*Romantic Love and Personal Beauty*. By Henry T. Finck. (The Macmillan Company, 1887. New edition, \$2.00.)

*The Lawyers' Alcove*. An anthology of English verse by lawyers or about them, compiled by Ina Ruselle Warren. (Doubleday, Page and Company, 1900. Second edition, \$2.50.)

by graduates of as many American Universities. Mr. Owen Wister's story of Harvard, "Philosophy 4," is an especially clever bit of work. The others are of more local interest. (J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. \$1.20.)

From John Philip Sousa's Washington Post March to his novel, *The Fifth String*, is a step from the relatively sublime to the totally ridiculous. We sincerely hope that Mr. Sousa will



A REAL GERMAN PRINCE.



MR. CHAMBERLAIN IN HIS ORCHID HOUSE.



## Cuba and U. S.



OUR straightforward Government is about to transfer the Island of Cuba (minus a few naval stations, forts and the right to make trade treaties) to the natives whom we saved from Spanish rule. We have spent

three and one-half years teaching them probity and honesty in public office, although the Neely-Rathbone case of stealing some two hundred thousand dollars from the postal funds is not yet adjudicated, and we are evacuating the island, there being about five thousand four hundred troops there now against five thousand and eleven some months ago; and presently there will not be an American left to tell the tale of Intervention, except those who are at the heads of departments, commanding the forts, naval bases and cruising ships of war, and those who are building sewers, roadways, dredging harbors, running electric-light plants, street railways, ice factories, sugar plantations, and, along with Germans and English, cultivating tobacco fields. We said we would free her, and that we had no motive except kind-heartedness in doing it, and we are going to keep our word; and if Mr. Estrada Palma, of Central Valley, N. Y., will not go down and be President, we'll find some one else who is a Cuban patriot—Mike Dady or R. A. C. Smith (who has no country), for example—who will take the job if General Wood ever lets go. The United States Supreme Court holds that Cuba is foreign territory, so we are passing railway laws for her two weeks before her Congress meets to demonstrate the fact that we have not any interest in her beyond a sentimental one, and to give the world evidence in our belief that the government she will set up will be, through our three and one-half years' instruction, capable, efficient, honest and durable.

## The Charge of the Hundred and Fifty.

("One hundred and fifty physicians were sent by the Board of Health to do a house-to-house vaccination."—*Boston Daily Paper*.)

WE sailed to South Boston one fifty in all,  
Like the Argonaut crew in the search for Gold Fleece,  
Her citizens rising like slaves to our call,  
Presenting their arms—at a dollar apiece.  
(Though we're lacking in science, at least we are thrifty),  
We're the solid and stolid one hundred and fifty.

With a virulent virus we tattoo the skin,  
As our forefathers did, running naked and wild,  
That the devils of evil should never get in  
To gnaw at the bones of man, woman and child.  
To fight all these spirits there's nothing so shifty  
As the fetiches feared of the hundred and fifty.

A good, healthy body's a menace to us,  
But we'll undermine it by chicane and stealth,  
And the might of the law shall prevent any fuss,  
For winning are ways of the old Board of Health—  
Our impudence often seems rugged and clifty,  
But modest indeed the one hundred and fifty.

Now onward we go, nor count it disgrace

Unnumbered bacilli to carry in bags,  
Sufficient to send them to far-away place

Where there's weeping and wailing and chewing of rags—  
Though the rains are descending or snows become drifty—  
It's a matter of bread for the hundred and fifty.

So we sailed to South Boston one fifty in all,

Like the Argonaut crew in the search for the Fleece,

Her citizens rising like slaves to our call,

Presenting their arms—at a dollar apiece.

(If we're lacking in science, at least we are thrifty),

And that is the charge of the hundred and fifty.

BOSTON, February, 1902.

Guillaume Desmoulins.

## Life's Anecdote Contest.

NOTICE TO CONTESTANTS: Announcement of the prize winners will be made in a few weeks. The number of anecdotes received has necessarily caused some delay.

## NUMBER 51.

Lady Blessington's was one of the houses at which the ex-Emperor then Prince Louis Napoleon, was most frequently received during his first residence in England; and on his being elected President, she expected to be received at the Elysée Bourbon. Eager as he always was to acknowledge obligations of the kind, he could not venture on such a step; but, one day, meeting her in the Bois, he stopped to salute her and unluckily put the common question: "How long does your ladyship propose to remain in Paris?" "And you, Sir?" was the ready retort; the point of which he remained long enough to blurt.—From *Biographical and Critical Essays, New Series*. By A. Hayward, Esq., Q. C. Longmans, Green and Company, London, 1873.

## NUMBER 52.

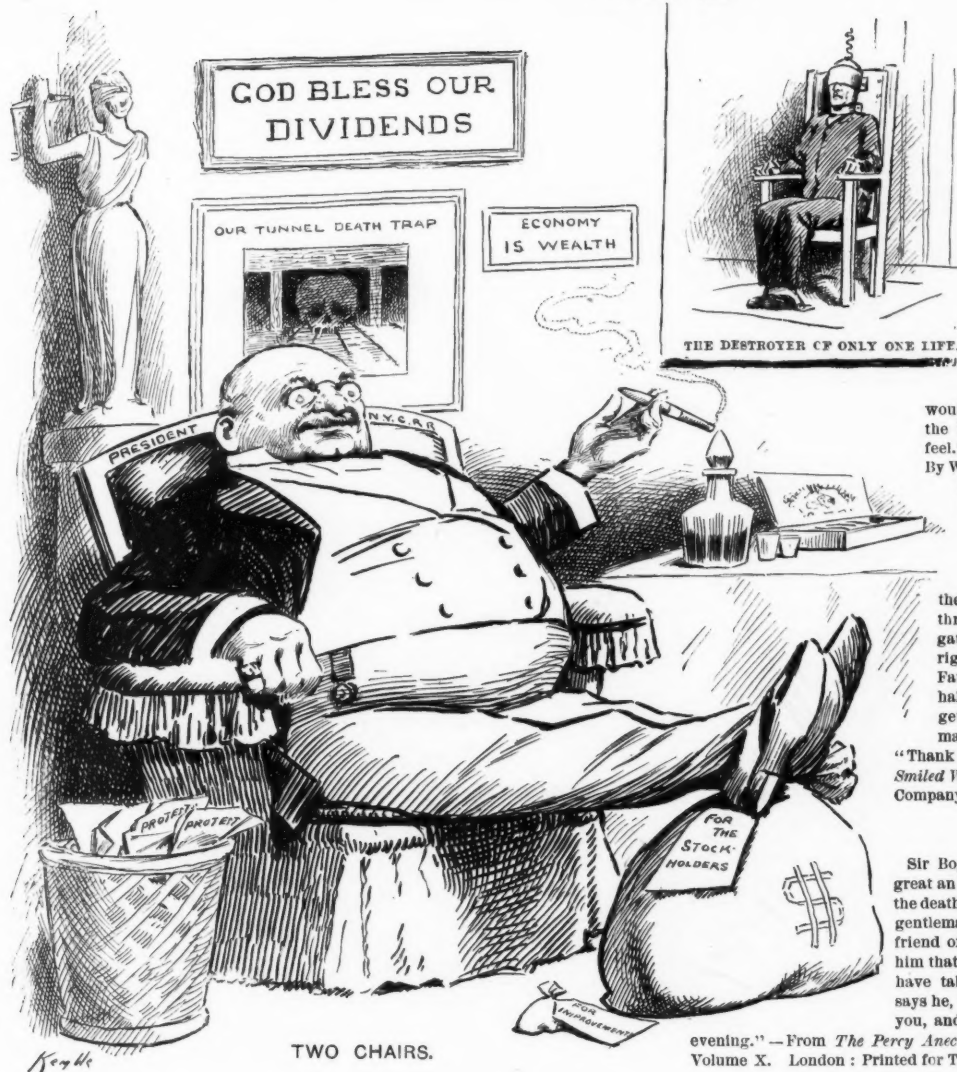
In a cottage visit this morning, a young woman told us that her father was nearly converted, and that a little more teaching would complete the business, adding, "He quite believes that he is lost, which, of course, is a great consolation to the old man."—From *Memories of Old Friends*. From the Journals of Caroline Fox. Lippincott, 1882.

## NUMBER 53.

Many years ago, we are told, before the days of railways, a nobleman and his lady, with their infant child, were travelling in the depth of winter across Salisbury Plain. A snowstorm overtook them; their child became ill from the cold, and they were forced to take refuge in a lone shepherd's



Mr. Giraffe (to his fiancée): COME! SIT CLOSER TO ME, DARLING!  
"I CAN'T, DEAREST. I WANT TO REST MY HEAD ON YOUR SHOULDER."

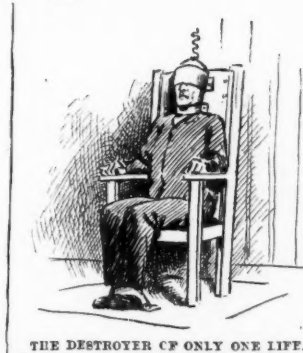


TWO CHAIRS.

hut. The wild shepherd and his wife drew near the child in awe and silence. The nurse began undressing it by the warm cottage fire. Silken frock and head-dress did the baby wear. One rich baby dress came off, to reveal another more beautiful. Still the shepherd and his wife looked on with awe. At last the process of undressing was completed, and the now naked baby was being warmed by the fire. Then was it, when all these wrappings and outer husks were peeled off, that the shepherd and his wife, relieved of their superstition, broke silence, exclaiming, "Why, it's just like one of ours!"—From *Characteristics*. By A. P. Russell. Houghton and Mifflin, 1884.

NUMBER 54.

Samuel Rogers, the poet, told of an Englishman and a Frenchman who had to fight a duel. That they might have a better chance of missing one another, they were to fight in a dark room. The Englishman fired up the chimney and brought down the Frenchman! "When I tell this story in Paris," added Rogers, "I put the Englishman up the chimney."—From *In a Club Corner*. By A. P. Russell. Houghton, Mifflin and Company, 1890.



NUMBER 55.

Sir Richard Steele, a well-known Irishman, was asked by an English friend how it was that Irishmen were so remarkable for making bulls. "I believe," said he, "it is something in the air of the country; and, I dare say, if an Englishman was born here, he would do the same."—From *Seventy Years of Irish Life*. Macmillan and Company, 1894.

NUMBER 56.

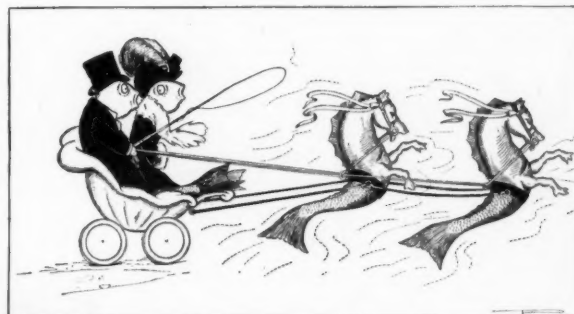
Dr. Talmage found a drunken man sitting on the steps of his Tabernacle. Dr. Talmage takes every one in at that Tabernacle; so he tried to take this man. But the man refused. "I was thinking I would join your church," he said, "but the longer I think about it, the sicker I feel."—From *Modern Eloquence*. Volume X. By William Walter Phelps. John T. Morris and Company, Philadelphia. Copyright, 1900.

NUMBER 57.

Mr. Blaine used to tell this story: Once in Dublin, toward the end of the opera, Satan was conducting Faust through a trap-door which represented the gates of Hades. His Majesty got through all right—he was used to going below—but Faust, who was quite stout, got only about half-way in, and no squeezing would get him any farther. Suddenly an Irishman in the gallery exclaimed, devoutly, "Thank God, hell is full."—From *People I've Smiled With*. Marshall P. Wilder. Caswell and Company, 1889.

NUMBER 58.

Sir Boyle Roach had a servant, who was as great an original as his master. Two days after the death of the baronet, this man waited upon a gentleman, who had been a most intimate friend of Sir Boyle, for the purpose of telling him that the time at which the funeral was to have taken place had been changed. "Sir," says he, "my master sends his compliments to you, and he won't be buried till to-morrow evening."—From *The Percy Anecdotes*. By Sholto and Reuben Percy. Volume X. London: Printed for T. Boys, Ludgate Hill, 1823.



Mr. Shad: I UNDERSTAND MISS PERCH HAS LEFT TOWN.  
Miss Pike: OH, YES! SHE COULDN'T STAND THE CLIMATE. YOU SEE SHE IS A FRESH-WATER FISH.



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MRS. KATCHAM PRIDES HERSELF ON ALWAYS HAVING THE LATEST CELEBRITY PERSONAGE TO "GOUGE"

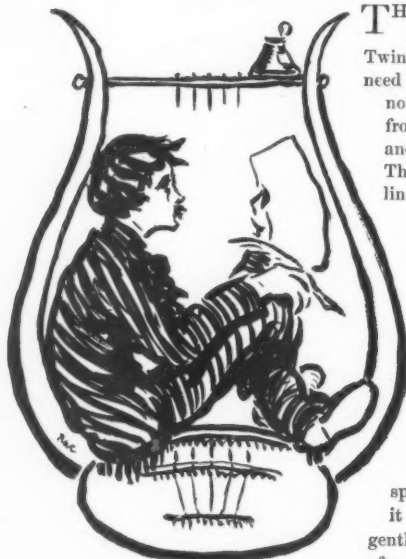




ING THE L... CELEBRITY AT HER HOUSE. TO-NIGHT IT IS NO LESS A  
PERSONAGE TO "GOUGER."



### More Amusing Than Reasonable.



THAT Mr. Louis N. Parker has put Ludwig Fulda's "The Twin Sister" into blank verse need not deter any one who does not like his plays in that form from going to see the performance of the piece at the Empire Theatre. The actors deliver the lines as though they were the most ordinary prose, so if Mr. Parker's work possesses any metrical beauties or defects, they are carefully concealed from the audience.

The one scene of "The Twin Sister" is in the vicinity of Padua; the time, the sixteenth century, although the reference to Niagara in one of the speeches would seem to make it later. The story concerns a gentleman, who, after five years of married life, is rather bored by

his wife. She, to win him back, or to convince herself that it is impossible, manages, through a very ingenious set of circumstances devised by the author, to impersonate her twin sister. The wife had already caught him kissing his servitor's wife, but passing this infidelity over without comment, she proceeds to incite him to another by the impersonation. He promptly falls into the second trap even to the point of writing a letter to his wife, casting her off for good and all. This should be a rather difficult scrape for a husband to get out of, but the lady is more than ordinarily com-pleasant, and everything ends happily.

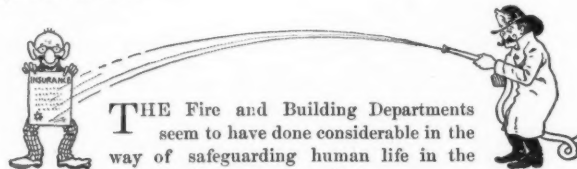
It might seem that the utter improbability of this story would make the play a stupid one. If the characters were in modern costume and we judged them by matter-of-fact standards, this might be true, but the whole atmosphere of time and manners is fanciful, and it is not difficult to forget the slur on the spectator's intelligence. The hero's kissing of the peasant woman within eye-shot of his wife seems rather a brutal way of acquainting her with his fickleness, and that she doesn't leave him in immediate disgust, instead of working an elaborate trick to get him back again, robs one of a certain amount of respect for the lady. Nevertheless, the situations are amusingly wrought out, the action is brisk, many of the lines are clever, and the entertainment as a whole is a diverting one.

Margaret Anglin, who plays *Giuditta*, the wife, and pretends to be *Renata*, the twin sister, is a most puzzling actress. Her work is most uneven in attaining results. Her idea of portraying vivacity

seems to be the employment of a wholly unnecessary amount of grimacing or "mugging," as it is termed on the stage. In these moments one wishes heartily that she would stop wrinkling her brow and showing her upper teeth. Then in the quieter passages she is so sympathetic, winning and graceful that one forgives and almost forgets her defects. Mr. Richman appears to excellent advantage in *nake-up* and costume, and has his voice controlled down to the level of the every-day requirements of the part of *Orlando*, the fickle husband. Mr. Backus does well with *Parabosco*, an amusing neighbor of *Orlando's* and a rural *Lothario* given to amorous intrigues. The remaining cast is fairly competent, although the probability of the episode would be heightened were the peasant woman, the kissing of whom opens *Giuditta's* eyes, possessed of a more attractive personality.

All in all, "The Twin Sister" is amusing and pretty well presented.

THE New York *Herald*, which is published in the interests of Mr. Charles Frohman and the Theatrical Syndicate, prints lengthy cables from London recording that gentleman's movements and future plans. It has failed to state, however, that Mr. Frohman will "present" the Coronation, that Edward VII. is taking lessons in elocution from the eminent manager, that Mr. Frohman is personally rehearsing the peers and peeresses, that he is designing the decorations at Westminster, and that he will stage-manage the whole show. Of course, this is only an oversight on the part of the *Herald*.



THE Fire and Building Departments seem to have done considerable in the way of safeguarding human life in the New York theatres, but their powers are limited and there still remain some evasions of the law which they seem helpless to prevent. In these cases the executive department of the city government has plenary powers, and it is up to Mayor Low to use them.

#### LIFE'S CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE TO THE THEATRES.

*Academy of Music*.—Dramatization of Ouida's military novel, "Under Two Flags." Exciting spectacle.

*Bijou*.—"The Climbers." Clever and amusing comedy of New York society and family life.

*Broadway*.—Fairly spectacle, "Beauty and the Beast." Fun, music and ballet.

*Criterion*.—Mrs. Leslie Carter in David Belasco's "Du Barry." Elaborate production of interesting play.

*Daly's*.—"Notre Dame." Elaborately staged dramatization of Hugo's novel. Melodramatic and exciting.

*Empire*.—Stock company in "The Twin Sister." See above.

*Garrick*.—"Sky Farm." Notice later.

*Garden*.—Last week of the Bostonians in "Maid Marian." Light opera of the better class. Well sung.

*Herald Square*.—Lulu Glaser in "Dolly Varden." Melodious and amusing comic opera.

*Knickerbocker*.—"The Toreador." Conventional comic opera.

*Lyceum*.—Last week of Annie Russell as the heroine of "The Girl and the Judge," and also last week of this theatre. Very well worth seeing.

*Manhattan*.—Mr. Kelcey and Miss Shannon in "Her Lord and Master." "Taming of the Shrew" in modern guise. Moderately interesting.

*Madison Square*.—William Collier in "The Diplomat." Notice later.

*Republic*.—Henrietta Crossman in "As You Like It." An excellent performance of Shakespeare's comedy.

*Savoy*.—Robert Edeson in "Soldiers of Fortune." Notice later.

*Victoria*.—Primrose and Dockstader. The last of the negro minstrels.

*Wallack's*.—"A Gentleman of France." Kyrie Bellew. Romance and fighting galore.

*Weber and Fields's Music Hall*.—New burlesque of "Du Barry." Cost of admission at the top notch.

### Literary Success.

**T**HE main element of literary success is the popular mood. Littérateurs and littérateuses have nothing to do with making the popular mood. This is made by the high price of potatoes, or the bad times abroad, or the constructive statesmanship of the Republican Party, *et cetera*.

The public take to their bosoms to-day what they would have coldly neglected yesterday, and vice versa. Even the works of an Irving Bacheller might have fallen still-born from the press in another generation.

In a word, literary success is quite like success in the real-estate or saloon business; it is lucrative, and that is all.

The man or woman who should write to please himself or herself—

But that is getting away from our subject.

**O**NE never hides a blush nowadays. They are too scarce.

### The Puppet Game.

A (PERHAPS) POETIC PLAY, DEALING WITH THEATRICAL DOLLS AND DOLL-MASTER.

**S**CENE: Throne room, Vampire Theatre, New York. Decorations: Red with profuse sprinkling of \$ marks in gilt. At end of room a heavy, carved, gilt throne stands on a dais. At top of throne's back is carved an Emperor's crown, and under this, in a Napoleonic laurel wreath, are the letters "S. R." (Showman Rex).



On throne is seated CHARLES, head of the house of Showman, and Emperor of the Drama. Grouped about him are Princes of his Trust and aides. Each has large cigar in N.E. corner of mouth. Brass cuspidors with "S. R." abound. Charles is dressed as an interlocutor, and wears a "Prop" crown.

As curtain rises all but CHARLES stand and sing:

Oh, salaam and kowtow to the King of the Jews,

The Emperor of the "Drammer,"

Who can make up a play out of scissors and glues

As well as with nails and a hammer.

CHARLES (with patronizing smiles): Gentlemen, be seated.

(Sings:)

I'm monarch of actors and plays;

My plans for the season are made;

In antics and actions

My this year's attractions

Will startle the sober and staid.

OTHERS (sing together):

He's shows that beat Barnum's and Buffalo Bill's;

He's all sorts of freak exhibitions.

With finished finesse he can manage the Press,

Or buy it all up with commissions.

CHARLES (bowing thanks):

Friends, *tempus fidgits*—Latin, please observe us—

And we must audience grant to those who serve us.

OTHERS: Ay, my liege.

CHARLES (addressing liveried doorman):

Open the portals to the anteroom—

The room where me and Alf plays penny ante—

And tell the waiting players to approach.

(Doors open and a file of players enter. At head is MAD AUDAMS in the white uniform of "L'Sparrow.")

CHARLES (addressing her):

Approach, poor creature, your new plans are made;

"L'Sparrow" will not last another year;



A CARPENTER AND JOINER.



You played it well—the public 'twas you played—

I have a Scotch play for you now—

MAD AUDAMS (*sadly*): O dear!

CHARLES (*angrily*):

What's that, oh thou ungrateful one? Complaint?

(*To doorman*) Remove the girl and place her in restraint!

(MAD AUDAMS *carried out kicking and screaming.*)

(JOHN DROOL *next approaches.*)

CHARLES (*addressing him*):

Me faithful Drool; full well thou servest me.

Come here and sit on Uncle Charlie's knee. Let's see—what was your "turn" last year, my lad?

DROOL:

A novel costume play—'twas voted bad.

CHARLES:

Ah, yes; full well my mem'ry serves me now.

You were a comic sight, I do allow.

DROOL (*whimpering*):

Give me a modern part this year, I beg; Colonial garbage does not suit my leg.

CHARLES:

True, Johnnie. Art prepared for pleasant news?

This year an English uniform you'll use.

DROOL (*clapping his chubby hands*):

Superb! *Au fait!* Quite *pomme de terre*, I vow!

Where is it? Can't I try the suit on now?

CHARLES (*in benign amusement*):

A little longer linger on my knee—I'll tell you what your part is going to be.

DROOL:

No longer on your time can I impose.

(*Aside*) The part? I hope I'll wear the latest clothes!

(DROOL *runs away.*)

WILLIAM GALOOT (*approaching, sadly chants*):

I have in mind a play in which the star Shares honors with a blonde five-cent cigar. The stellar part an Indian will be; He's made of wood—'twill fit me to a T.

CHARLES (*winking*):

Yes; but to stir up comment, let us say That Hamlet is the next part you will play.

(GALOOT *retires and next approaches DON CESAR DE EVER-SHAM.*)

EVER-SHAM (*sings*):

I tightly grip my trusty sword,

My steed is at the door,

A stage-hand gallops on a board,

And I am off to war.



"We must make the Boers recognize that they are defeated, and take from them the barest possibility of repeating the attempt. . . . The war had the approval of sister nations across the seas."—*Chamberlain's Speech at Guildhall, London.*

The calcium moon shines down on me.

I heave my padded chest:

You see to my upholstery,  
And schoolgirls do the rest.

CHARLES (*amused*):

Marry; a merry song, and with a point.

EVER-SHAM (*complimented*):

I thank thee, Sire: Gadzooks, and I do thank thee!

Likewise, S'blood, and By my Halidom, I thank thee!

CHARLES:

Most plainly can I see by what you say  
You know the lingo of the costume play.

(EVER-SHAM *retires, bowing.*)

CHARLES (*addressing players*):

And now you're mostly settled, Care takes wings,

And we are left to laugh at lighter things.

Ope wide the doors, and let us watch the capers

Cut by the critics of the daily papers.

(*Enter CRITICS, fighting for first place in line. They sing:*)

Most important and dangerous gents are we,  
For our pens may be deep dip'd in irony.

If the manager's name is not well known,  
We can tear his production bone from bone.

Still, we pray that you note we're not lacking in sense,

And we handle with gloves what "Charles Showman presents."

All our papers agree in their praising of you;

Once again does the white man bow down to the Jew.

CHARLES (*coolly*):

Oh, prithee, Critics, I do pray thee, hush;  
Your compliments are apt to make me blush.

Still as you press me, I must own to you  
That all these nice reports of me are true.  
And now, lest you run out of things to print,

I'll tell you of my doings, without stint.

(*Epilogue by CHARLES.*)

I now control most players and most plays;  
And have in hand most playhouses as well.

I'm strong on art, and in artistic ways  
I frankly own to you that I excel.

Of course my personality has charm.

I cannot help it—it was Nature's gift.

I only live to keep the stage from harm;  
Its manners and its morals to uplift.

A scanty few there be who still maintain  
A stand, which seems to me distinctly rash.

They say I'm in the business just for gain—  
In other words—that all I want is Cash.

And now, Good Critics, as you go your ways,  
Against my adversaries wage your strife,  
And help to counteract the evil days

On which I suffer the hard knocks of LIFE.

J. S.

**A Query.**

THEY tell me that the Eskimo  
Can go to rest in beds of snow;  
And that the curious little Jap  
Upon the floor can take a nap;  
Now do they sleep, and sometimes  
snore  
On oyster beds in Baltimore?

**Modern Examples.**

**I**N a South African school district there are 4 schools, and each school contains 130 desks, and each desk enough pine to make a coffin for a child from 8 to 10. Supposing this proportion to be maintained in a space of 180,000 square miles, and coffins needed for 1-4th more children than there are desks, how many children will be left coffinless?

There are 3,000,000 individuals in a city, and 1-4th of these are blown up in the subway, 1-4th of what are left are gradually killed in tunnels, and 1-4th of the remainder maimed by street cars, and 1-4th of what are still left run over by automobiles. What is the name of the city?

A young girl, 5 ft. 2 inches in height, weighing 114 pounds, can waltz three hours straight without stopping, while a young man, 5 ft. 9 inches, weighing 190 pounds, can waltz only 32 minutes. How many partners, averaging 170 pounds, and 5 ft. 3 inches in height, will the young girl exhaust in an evening of 11 hours, allowing 20 minutes for refreshments?

**Under the Rose.**

**MRS. JULIUS WENTWORTH WIDDLETON:** The Lenten season, dear Mrs. Surplice, must be very hard on dear Mr. Surplice.

**MRS. SURPLICE:** Oh, indeed it is. He told me last night that the indifference of this parish in spiritual matters kept him in a bad humor for forty days and forty nights.



RECENT FICTION.

"TARRY THOU TILL I COME."



He: DON'T YOU THINK YOU COULD LEARN TO LOVE ME?  
"WHAT'S THE USE? I HAVE TOO MANY EXPENSIVE TASTES AS IT IS."

**The Sad Part.**

**MRS. HATTERSON:** What! You've had fourteen cooks in three months!  
**MRS. CATTERSON:** Yes. And I didn't please any of them.

# • LIFE •



## VERSES FOR A CHILD.

We lived out under the pear tree,  
We dined upon tarts and cream.  
I married you there forever;  
But, dear, 'twas only a dream!  
We sailed away in the branches  
To countries strange and new,  
For we owned estates in Dreamland;  
But, sweetheart, it isn't true!  
We made a church in the pear tree,  
Where the angels came to sing;  
We stroked their wings—but, dearest,  
You mustn't believe a thing!  
We cut our names in the tree trunk,  
So the bark could never grow,  
And the Dryad cried! But, my darling,  
'Twas none of it really so!

—Josephine Dodge Daskam, in *McClure's Magazine*.

## FORCE OF HABIT.

Most people believe that Americans boast. A noted traveler once said that they are the only really brave people who boast of their own bravery. When an American possesses a medal he has no hesitation in showing it. To a large extent he is right.

But few of us realize why Americans boast. It is a trick they learned from the Red Indians. In dealing with the ruddy child of the forest it is necessary to deal in clariot tones and not show too much false modesty.

For instance, a cheeky redskin in a powwow with the Americans will say:

"Chuckabluff, chief of the Comanches, opens his mouth to speak to the pale-face pigs.

"Chuckabluff is the real thing. So plentiful are the scalps of the pale-faces upon the poles of his tepee that they obscure the light of the sun, and the gas is kept going in the village all through the summer day.

"Listen to the words of Chuckabluff and of the things he will do in battle to the white dogs who bring the fire-water from the land where the sun gets up.

"The windows of the Indian chieftain's tent need cleaning. His young men will clean them with the faces of the chaps who poison themselves with cheap rum.

"There will be a long and quiet silence in the pale-face camp, for the dead are rarely noisy.

"Each of the braves of Chuckabluff will kill six hundred pale-faces. Then they will tire of the slaughter, and eat and feast while the squaws kill the rest.

"Enough! Chuckabluff has spoken."

## A Sudden Decampment.

Having issued this defiance the redskin general adjourns on a dead run to the nearest elsewhere, fearful of being captured.

When the American general has read this despatch, he answers it as follows:

"The Great White Father reads with sorrow the words of Chuckabluff, for no man can hear the sayings of the dying unmoved.

"For Chuckabluff is to die with all his young men, and his squaws will spend the rest of their days knitting coffins for the copper-tinted corpses.

"For the White Father has the long tubes that talk the language of lead, and his young men are brave. Each of the young men can chew up eleven redskins before the ringing of the second breakfast bell.

"Let Chuckabluff beware, for the brave White Father is upon his trail.

"Great and noble is the White Father, and rich and good. With one hand can he play poker and take in all the jackpots, while with the other he kills Indians.

"Listen, Chuckabluff, and tremble in the tepee of your fathers.

"The scalps of the pale-faces which you have saved up during a long and economical life hide the face of the sun, but the scalps of the redskins which the Great White Father is going to take will reach up to the sun itself and put it out, as the damp leaves extinguish the fire over which the cowardly Comanche broils his pemmican.

"The great and noble White Chief has said his spoke. On Tuesday week he will begin to butcher."

Is it any wonder that a nation, forced for generations to talk in this high pitch, should have got into the habit of it?

Few people understand how close the friction has been between the reds and the whites, or that the sort of talk that we have mentioned is the legal tender of negotiation between them. We explain the matter out of friendliness to the Americans, for we do not like to see them misunderstood, and we believe in fair play.—*English Exchange*.

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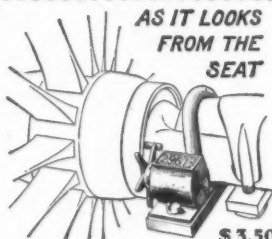
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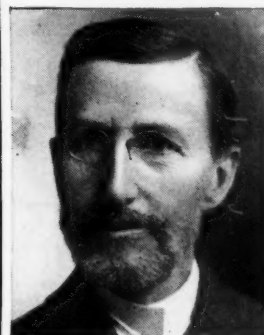
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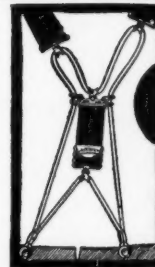
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825 Broadway, New York.  
150 West 125th St., New York.  
433 Fulton St., Brooklyn.  
160 Summer St., Crawford Bldg., Boston.  
169 Tremont St., Boston.  
208 E. Baltimore St., Baltimore.  
903 Pennsylvania Ave., Washington.

**Women's Stores**

54 West 23d St., New York.  
137 Fulton St., New York.  
825 Broadway, New York.  
150 W. 125th St., New York.  
433 Fulton St., Brooklyn.  
208 E. Baltimore St., Baltimore.  
169 Tremont St., Boston.  
160 Summer St., Boston.  
903 Pennsylvania Ave., Washington.

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